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EDITORIALS



The Senior Class wishes to thank Dr. Washburn for his unusual kind interest he has taken in their welfare. It is extremely gratifying to note how untiring his efforts have been and are to improve the Senior Classes and make their last year at the Farm School the most agreeable e., g., the most useful. It may be somewhat disagreeable for the Seniors to discover that after little fault has been found with three years of their work, the fourth year is really worse than the first one. And how sad must it make them feel to know that they would have lived in entire ignorance of that fact had not the ever-watchful eye of our esteemed director discovered it for them and speedily endeavor to remedy it. Truly our grateful thanks are due to Dr. Washburn, and let's all start over again perhaps we will be able to uphold the standard of the Senior Class.

S. Feinberg, '07, was elected captain of the 1905 Football Team. The students desire to extend their heartiest congratulations to him. Abe Miller, '07, was elected manager.

F's were awarded to the following students: Krinzman, Condor, Ostrolenk, Feinberg, Frank, Neustadt, Miller, Leon, Chodos, Rudley, Dobrin and Schansky.

A Double Victory

She was entreating him: "Please, Harold, don't play in that horrible game tomorrow. I beg of you, for my sake, don't play. It is simply too cruel for anything."

"How can I do as you bid me, Louisa?" Harold pleaded. "Do you want me to forsake all my honor, all my glory, just because you're afraid that I'll be hurt? I have played on the college team for the last three years, and I never was hurt very badly. I have played in several games this season already, and tomorrow, when we have the most important one, you want me to drop out. What will they all think of me? They'll say that I am a coward and a quitter, and all things of that sort. Besides I think too much of the game and of my college not to play tomorrow."

"But why will you admire such a brutal game?" she retorted, coaxingly. "I've seen one several weeks ago at home, and it seems to me there is nothing more horrible. It's a regular bull fight. A fellow is lucky when he comes out hurt only. Please don't play," she concluded, gazing appealingly into Harold's eyes. "I will never forgive you if you do."

"Don't ask me to do it, Louisa," he said, beseechingly. "Please don't ask me. Think of the consequences."

"Yes, think of the consequences, if you play," she hinted, saucily.

"When I'm hurt I can be cured," he replied, "but when I lose my honor I can never regain it."

"Oh, very well," she said, somewhat angrily. "If you really love me you would not argue with me and do as I bid you. You are going back on me, I know."

"But Louisa——"

She turned her crimsoned face away from him. "If you play," she said bitterly, "I shall never forgive you, never! I tell it for your own good, and you want to spite me. You do not love me. I know you don't."

Louisa's fair form stirred, her skirts rustled, and in a moment she was out of the room. Harold Jameson sat there bewildered, not knowing whether to follow her or remain where he was.

He soon, however, mastered the situation. He comprehended the woman's weakness of character. He realized that her love for him overpowered her sense of reason. And he forgave her. He considered that it was best not to stir her emotions any longer now. He thought it wiser to leave her alone till after the game.

Then she would forget the quarrel and everything will be all right. Besides, when she thinks it over she'll realize that her demand could not reasonably be complied with. She'll give in that she was wrong. So consoling himself, he silently left her uncle's house.

Meanwhile Louisa Darlington was lying in her bed. Her face was pressed against the pillow and she was sobbing bitterly. She came to the college town mainly to visit Harold, but he had cut her to the deep by refusing her first earnest request.

"Oh, the brute!" she said to herself. "He has deceived me all this time. He does not love me or he would have complied with my wish. I don't love him. I—I despise him, I shall never again talk to him." She sobbed louder. "I am angry at myself for ever having met him. Football!" She thought of the game she had witnessed several weeks ago. "My God what a brutal game! The fellows all act like a bunch of Indians fighting. And yet how noble and brave they look! How fiercely they dash into the line with the ball! A fellow must be awfully brave and strong to play a game of that sort." Her sobbing gradually quieted down. "Imagine me in a game like that. Ha! ha!" In her bitterness she laughed. "They'd kill me in a minute. And my Harold, he's just too brave and strong for anything. I can just imagine him running through the fierce line with the ball; and wearing that fancy uniform that makes the fellows look so lovely, too. My gracious but Harold is fine. I wonder why I was so stubborn in not wanting him to play. Just think how famous he will be. They will print his picture in every paper. He won't get hurt. They can't hurt Harold. Oh, I hope he'll forgive me for being so silly. I just love him."

Then she thought she heard footsteps. Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought that it was Harold. Her emotions again possessed her. Her sobbing renewed.

"He's cruel, cruel for not having given in to me. He does not show his love." She lifted her head from the moistened pillow to listen if really anyone was approaching. Her ears had deceived her. She looked all around the room. No one was present. Disappointed, she dropped her head upon the pillow again. "I'll never forgive him," she sobbed again, "never! He should at least have come here and begged my pardon. Oh, why is he so cruel?"

So she kept on until a deep slumber relieved her of further anxiety.

* * * * *

The next day was cool and calm. It was ideal football weather. The atmosphere also was full of football. The bright colors of Highland College—orange and crimson—were generously and gorgeously displayed everywhere. The coming game with Midland College was the talk of the town.

It is no wonder then that early in the afternoon a great crowd was in front of the entrance of the big athletic field clamoring for admission.

Among the crowd, and nervously waiting for her turn at the ticket office was Louisa, unaccompanied.

She looked unusually pretty in her stylish gray suit and simple blue hat. A long boa hung loosely from over her shoulders, and it matched beautifully with her fluffy auburn hair. In one hand she held a muff and in the other a flag displaying Harold's college colors.

The line moved quite rapidly. It could not have gone too fast for Louisa. The short period she waited dragged out into almost an hour to her. She was anxious to get inside and see Harold play. All her interest was centered in him. All she knew was that he was to play.

When she entered and had seated herself comfortably, she eagerly surveyed the entire gridiron, and was disappointed at not finding Harold there. The teams had not appeared yet. She nervously glanced around and was rather dazed at beholding a vast number of faces almost completely surrounded the field. Nearly everywhere at the stands the radiant orange and crimson floated conspicuously. Midland's colors—blue and purple—made but a poor showing against it. Its followers occupied but a part of the grandstands. It amused her to listen to the duel of songs and cheers between the followers of the respective colleges. Whenever the Midland crowd made any attempt at song, its voice was soon drowned by the noisy Highlanders. It sounded to her like the rolling of the mighty waves, now calm, and now raging.

Soon, however, she was startled to hear a sudden outburst of cheers from the Midland followers. She looked towards the gridiron and saw the cause of it. The husky youths of the Midland team had appeared upon the stage of battle. She grew more restless when she thought that soon, very soon, she would see Harold, too.

The noise soon quieted down. But not for long. Two minutes had not elapsed before the silence was broken by a far more tremendous outburst of cheers. Everybody was yelling at the same time. This time the cheering was for the gallant Highland team.

Louisa gazed eagerly at the approaching stream of energy and muscle. She scrutinized every man's face until she recognized Harold. Then her heart grew faint. She looked at him and thought of the coming struggle he was to face. Never before did he appear more beautiful to her, more brave and more noble. She looked at the fine outlines of his healthy Roman countenance, at his massive and stately build, and she wondered how she even could have made any harsh utterances against him. She could find it within her power now to go down and fall upon her knees and ask forgiveness. She would tell him how she loves him. And yet she sincerely hoped that the game would not be played. She prayed from her heart of hearts that she may be saved the horror of seeing him hurt. But she would by no means think of leaving the stand.

Soon the referee's whistle blew. The game commenced. She was nervously watching every move Harold made. Her heart was beating fast when she saw the ball up in the air. She saw Harold vigorously race after it the length of the field; she saw him leap upon and tackle the man who caught it, and she heard the cheer that went up in his name. She could not help cheering too. She waved her flag joyfully. It was an unexpected joy to her to see all eyes upon Harold and hear his name cheered.

Then the teams lined up for signals. She could hardly follow Harold's movements afterwards. The first half was practically eventless. All she could see was that when the other side had the ball, Harold and his men would dash upon that unfortunate with it and smother him. When his side had the ball she saw him and his men make desperate attempts to plunge through their opponents' line. The ball kept on changing hands. There was some punting on both sides, but it resulted in nothing out of the ordinary.

The first half ended. Neither team had scored. The players went into the club house. The spectators were discussing the merits of the game as far as it went. Louisa was interested in a conversation between two stylishly dressed young ladies upon her left. They were talking about Harold.

"He is simply grand," the one nearest her, a pretty blonde, was saying. "I could just learn to love him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cutely laughed the other, a bright faced brunette. "How easily you can fall in love, Jessie! But I'm no better. I didn't even have to learn to love him. I love him without having

learned. I simply fell in when I first met him. I didn't even stop to deliberate."

"Oh, Florence, you do speak nonsense," peevishly replied Jessie. "By the way, where did you first meet him?"

"At the College Students' Ball. He's the cutest man you ever want to meet. He's so tall and handsome, a good talker and dancer, and a great football player. You can't blame a girl for falling in love with him."

"No, you can't blame his sweetheart for loving him," Jessie was jealously trying to tease Florence.

"Has he a sweetheart?"

"Why I heard she was in town visiting him."

"Then she must be among the spectators."

"And probably within hearing," suggested Jessie.

"Yes! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Florence. "Imagine her listening to us. Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he!"

"Hush, you silly. Let's drop the subject."

Louisa was not given much to jealousy. It merely stung her to hear him the subject of a conversation between two silly girls. She comprehended the emptiness of their talk. Besides, she trusted in Harold's love too much to think for a moment that he would betray her. It amused her in the end to hear their reference to the probability of her being within hearing. She thought it would be a good joke on them if they find it out.

The players once more appeared upon the gridiron. The referee's shrill whistle had blown. Once more the customary line-up and the oval of pigskin spun through the air. It came down into the open arms of a Highland man. Surrounded by the entire team he ran for 15 yards. Then a human war monument was again formed. Legs were up in the air, arms which claimed no owners swung helplessly out of the heaps and heads were pinned to the ground.

With the sound of the whistle every man found himself again. Once more they faced each other for battle. The quarterback called signals. He handed the ball to the left halfback who was shoved through for about five yards. Then the right halfback was given a chance with no better results.

"Second down—four yards to gain!" yelled the referee.

"Seventeen, eleven, twenty-seven, eight, sixty-two," nervously drawled the quarterback.

Harold shot for the ball. He got it from the quarterback.

Clutching it tightly to his breast, he dashed through the line with the fierceness of a tiger.

The Highland crowd stood up and cheered. So did Louisa. She shouted: "Go on Harold! Go on!" as loud as she could. He did go on. The Midland team chased him in vain. He reached the goal ahead of them.

Everybody cheered wildly. Louisa, too, understood what it meant. She rose and waved her flag. When the excitement had somewhat abated and she had taken her seat, she saw the two young ladies upon her left giggle blushing to each other. She comprehended. Her cheering for Harold had opened their eyes.

The game proceeded. For about ten minutes the teams struggled on. Nothing extraordinary occurred. The ball was shoved back and forth. Then came a sudden reverse in the shape of a brilliant play that saved the day for Highland.

There was about three more minutes to play. It was Highland's ball upon its opponents 35-yard line. Harold was given the ball, but he miserably fumbled it. A Midland man dropped upon it. Upon their first play one of the halfbacks was given the ball. He raced with it around the end. Guided by good interference, he managed to get out of every Highland player's reach. He had a clear field and about 70 more yards to reach a goal.

Harold led the others in racing after the fleeing Midlander. He realized that he would be to blame should they score this touchdown. And he ran as he never did before. He gained on him inch by inch. About 25 feet away from the goal he with outstretched hands made a leap for the fellow with the ball. He grabbed him by the left leg just as it was up in the air, and they both went down heavily. The other players were upon them in a second.

Wild cheers greeted this heroic achievement. Louisa again rose and cheered. She was glad that he so gallantly redeemed himself after that awful error. But her shout of joy was soon turned into one of horror. She saw all the men rise but Harold. He lay upon the ground senseless. Blood was flowing freely from his nose.

Louisa could not control herself. She thought the worst had happened. Quick as a flash she dashed down the stairs of the grandstand and upon the gridiron. She came upon the scene as several men were carrying Harold's prostrate body towards the clubhouse. She sobbingly followed them. When they entered and had placed his body upon the sofa, the men in attendance could do nothing but let her remain there and nurse him.

"Oh, Harold dear, I told you not to play," she whispered, gently bathing his face with the cold water which the men brought.

He opened his eyes and stared wildly. His lips quivered. Suddenly he began to wave his hands.

"I'll get the man," he shouted fiercely. "I'll get him. By God, I must get him. Let go, I say! Ha, ha, ha! I told you I'll do it. I wish Louisa could have seen me make that play."

Louisa stooped there bewildered. She was almost weeping from fright.

"Harold," she said, "I'm here. I saw you make that play. Look at me, Harold. Look at me. You're all right, dear."

Harold directed his gaze at her. For a full minute he looked meditatively at her. Then a smile of recognition spread over his bruised face.

"Is this you, Louisa?" he said hoarsely. "How came you here? Did you see me tackle that man?"

"Yes, Harold dear, and I wish I hadn't," she replied tenderly.

"Will you forgive me dear, for having left you so abruptly and playing in the game against your will?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Harold. How can I do otherwise? I am to ask you to forgive me, dear. I was unreasonably angry at you; and, besides, I left you all alone in a strange house. It was only a foolish act on my part. I am to blame."

"We're even then, Louisa dear," Harold answered. For a while he looked silently into her sympathetic blue eyes. "You're a brave girl," he finally said. "I didn't think you'd be down to see the game."

"I couldn't stay away. I wanted to see you play, Harold. But I didn't want to see you hurt. I wish I never get a chance to see it again." Louisa was smoothing his hair, which had been roughened in the game.

"And you never will, Louisa," Harold replied, sincerely. "This has been my last football game."

Louisa was overjoyed to hear this. She lifted his head and pressed it to her bosom. Then she imprinted a fervent kiss upon his forehead.

BENJAMIN S. SCHOMER.

Mrs. Jones—My poor man, how did you get that lumbering way about you?

Weary Willie—From sleeping in a lumber yard, mum.

Analysis of Individual Players

Captain Krinzman has played a strong, steady and consistent game. As a captain he has been exceedingly good, having at all times full control over his men. Being a popular man, respected and loved by all, his orders were received and executed with the best of spirits. As an individual player he has probably been the strongest man on the team. Few people realized the weakness of our line on the defensive, because of the strong support given to it by our secondary defense. On every play coming through our line Krinzman met it with such force that it resulted in little or no gain. I feel Krinzman's work in this department has not been appreciated, as it is only the most careful observer that can see the real strength of the work. As an offensive player we all know his work has been of the highest. He was always a sure ground gainer, and a great help to other men with the ball. I feel justified in stating that to Krinzman's excellent all around work, both as a player and captain, that Farm School owes, more than to any one else, the success of the past season.

Condor has held the position of end for the past two seasons, but it has only been the past year that we realized his true strength. As an end, we feel, that he has been stronger than any that we had occasion to meet on the gridiron the past season. His defensive work has been exceptionally strong, few gains having been made through him during the season. He strikes all his plays low and hard, and as an offensive player has proved himself to be not only exceedingly good in aiding the tackle to open holes, but has been the most consistent man for making long gains around the end. Being a Senior it is with regret that we lose him this coming year, as the position of end has always been difficult for us to fill successfully.

Ostrolenk, during the earlier part of the season, played right guard, but being a strong, consistent defensive player, we felt it necessary to shift him to the position of left tackle, to strengthen the left side of our line. As an offensive player he proved himself to be of especial value in opening holes and aiding all plays going through the line. This, taken together with Chodos' fine work, was the reason why our strongest offensive plays were through the tackles.

This has been his third season on the team.

Neustadt has played both quarter back and half back during

the season's work. We were entirely satisfied with his work at quarter but owing to an injury sustained by one of our backs we felt it necessary to shift him to right halfback. His defensive work was good as was also his offensive work. He labored under the disadvantage of not having enough weight. As a quarter-back he always showed good tact and supreme judgment in selecting his plays.

Feinberg's playing as in previous years has been very consistent. We all know him as one of the hardest and surest players on the team. He is exceedingly good in handling the ball, and in running back punts was the best man on the team. He is especially strong in defensive work, always being found aside of Krinzman in all line plays and especially prominent in the tackling of end plays with great loss. In offensive work he has never been used enough; although being a great help to others carrying the ball. His true strength lies in open field running. It is with pleasure that we hail him as our next captain as we feel there is no man more deserving or more capable of filling the position.

Miller has continued playing the position of right end. He is always the fastest man running down under punts, his greatest danger being that of over-running his man. His playing has been more or less erratic; at times playing star football and at times hardly doing himself justice. His defensive work has been good, but in carrying the ball his tendency is to run back in the hopes of making larger gains outside of the field of tacklers.

Frank has continued for the second season at the position of center. During the past season his work as a whole has improved over that of last season, his playing being more energetic and harder than ever before. He has been the mainstay in the center of the line. No team has yet proved that they could gain to any advantage through him. His passing has at times been poor, probably being to his lack of practice as an offensive player. In other offensive work he has shown great strength in the making of holes and helping his team mates. His playing has been of a consistent character and we could always count on him playing his usual strong game.

Leon has been a surprise to us all. Although having played previously on the scrub, few of us realized that we had in him the making of a player. He has taken to the game with surprising tact and skill, and learned it so quickly that he was soon called to the varsity.

During the first few games he filled the position of right tackle; and although having never participated in a game before, he proved himself to be a strong player. With proper coaching during the coming season he'll prove to be a strong aggressive player.

Chodos has been the star player this season. We have yet failed to find an opponent who could either make consistent gains through him or throw him for a loss when carrying the ball. During the past season he has probably gained more ground in carrying the ball than any other player. It was not an exceptional sight to see him rushing the ball for ten or fifteen yards with three or four men clinging to his body trying in vain to stop him.

Rudley played sub. quarter during the earlier part of the season and later was called upon to fill the position. His defensive work was always good, being a sure tackler and a reliable man. In offensive work his passing is generally sure, but due to lack of practice his judgment has at times been questionable. We feel that with this year's experience we have in him a quarterback of the highest order for the future, although he is hampered by being short of stature and of light weight.

Schansky, being a strong heavy young man, and possessing those qualities necessary for making a good player we naturally selected him as a favorable candidate for guard. Although he never participated in a game before, he soon learned the primary principles of the game, and became a strong aggressive player with the experience of the past season and with proper coaching, we look for great things from him next season.

Dobrin had also never participated in a game before. He offered himself as a candidate at the beginning of the season, and being very earnest in his desire to learn the game, he soon became so proficient as to make the position of guard on the varsity.

Although he was at times weak on the defense, we know with this year's experience this fault will be eradicated.

Lieb, although not having very bright prospects of making the varsity, has shown the spirit which is so admired in all forms of athletics. He was at practice every day, and by his practice we see in him a favorable candidate for the coming season. He has played sub. tackle and halfback. We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to him and other students who showed their loyalty in the same manner.

C. P. HALLIGAN, *Coach.*

The Football Player

"P-K₄ and you are checkmated, my friend," said Thomas Murray, who was busily engaged in playing a game of chess with Frank Jordan, a student of Yale, who was its champion player.

"Not yet! Old boy! Not yet! The game has not even started."

This was the conversation going on between the two champion chess players of Harvard and Yale, respectively. For over two hours they were enjoying themselves, each one trying to get the best of the other, but no prospects for any results were yet to be seen. It was a hard fight. The time between the moves lasted quite a while, for each one was determined to win the game sooner or later.

Three hours had already passed and still their efforts were in vain. No sign of attacking each other was to be seen. But instead of being discouraged and postpone the game for some other time, they became more interested in it, and played all the harder.

Murray while studying his coming moves found it very pleasant to hum a few late songs and parodies, some of them composed by himself. His opponent also found this a good scheme for passing time away and joined in. Thus their time was spent pleasantly. But during the most exciting part of the game, while the pawns and officers were getting nearer and nearer to each other and the battle became more desperate, Thomas Murray, while contemplating his next move was unconsciously singing a song called "The Football Player."

This had been written but a few weeks ago and only Alexander Grandy, who wrote the music knew about it. He had intended to keep this song out of the people's ears until a month later, when the great game of football was to take place between the rival teams of Harvard and Yale. Then he would teach it to the student body, and if a touchdown were to be made by a Harvard man, they would cheer him and encourage him by singing this song. But in the midst of the game Murray seemed to have been so absorbed, that he was not conscious of the fact that he was exposing something entirely against his will. And unfortunately Jordan took advantage of the opportunity.

The tune and words also seemed to have struck his fancy, and now he was unable to play. With eyes steadily gazing on the chess board and ears wide open to hear the fitting words, he looked as though he was still interested in the game as he was at

the beginning. But in fact he could not play. He no longer concentrated his mind on the game, but under false pretenses listened closely. This led him to make many foolish moves until he finally lost the game.

Thomas Murray was happier than ever. So was Frank Jordan. He went down to the college and after some slight difficulty succeeded in making a copy of the song. It was then published in their college magazine with Frank Jordan as the composer. When the issue was published and the students glanced over it, they thought it to be an extraordinary piece of work. Now and then you could find a crowd of students sitting on the piazza and singing "The Football Player."

After some final practice they learned the song perfectly and were now wishing for the great Yale and Harvard football game. (Then if some one on the Yale team were to make a touch-down, they would sing it vehemently.) But true enough, when the expected day had arrived and the two teams were on the field, there was great excitement. Unfortunately a Yale man had passed Harvard's goal and here with the banner of blue floating high in the air could be heard "The Football Player," sung by the winning team.

Thomas Murray was sitting in his seat with the other enthusiasts of his college, waiting patiently for his side to score, when he was to lead them in his own composition, "The Football Player." And when the last strains of "The Football Player" died away over the Harvard stands, a hush fell on them, and they were looking blankly in the faces of each other.

Thomas Murray above all was the most excited, but he thought it best to cool off until the following morning. Then he would investigate the case deeply. Yes! only too well had he recalled the game of chess he had with Frank Jordan. Now he knew where all this came from. He had Jordan arrested immediately and prosecuted him for stealing. The trial took place on a beautiful day and a good number of students from both colleges surrounded the Court House anxiously waiting for the result. After the trial had progressed and Alexander Grandy had proven that he wrote the music for that song, Murray took the stand and said:

"Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury—During my childhood days I was very fond of singing and was very enthusiastic about the game of chess. At the close of my High School days I was very unfortunate in losing my parents. It was then that I was left on my own resources, striving hard in order to overcome

the hard knocks in life. Having graduated from the High School, I thought it rather foolish to quit learning and become a plain, common laborer. So I determined to take an advanced course at Harvard. Here I am fighting my way through by composing some songs and parodies.

"But as I said before, I was quite a chess player. One day I was greatly interested in playing this game with Frank Jordan, the gentleman now before you. And in the midst of it I became so excited that I was not aware of what I was doing. I was singing a song called 'The Football Player,' which I had composed myself but a few weeks ago. This I intended to keep secretly until a month later, when the great game between Harvard and Yale was to take place. Perhaps, then if Harvard chanced to be the winning team, they would all join in singing it.

"But all this seems to have been in vain. Frank Jordan was now constantly losing, for his mind was now busy with something else. He was listening to the song closely and no sooner than the game came to a close, he hurried home and made a copy of the same. Then he had it published in his college magazine under his name and taught it to all the students, and when the football contest between Yale and Harvard took place and a Yale man had made a touchdown, I heard them sing it. This excited me, thrilled me, but no! I thought I would better cool off until the following day when the court of justice would pass their decision on the matter. And now Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done."

LOUIS ROCK, '07.

The Boast of the Football King

E. I. LEE, '04.

Behold, the football king am I,
With crown of welted leather,
And ear pads fastened at the sides,
To keep my head together;
For in the game that's nip and tuck,
I don't take any chances,
But have my thinking cap well armed
Against the foe's advances.

Experience has taught that when
One plays with lads quite hearty,

He don't receive the same care that
He would at a tea party;
So that is why I wear a suit,
Bedecked with pads and buckles;
Besides—if foemen rub it in
I cannot feel their knuckles.

My shoes are set with cleats of steel,
I never slip while running,
And when I tramp on some foe's toe,
He has a kick a-coming;
But only then—for as a rule
I keep the best of order,
That no opponent has the nerve
To kick across my border.

My throne is but the soaring goal,
From which the foe endeavor
To oust me—but my courtier's prove
A trusty ten, too clever;
For each one is a fortress that
Withstands the worst attacking,
And none can penetrate our lines
Without the best of backing.

My court is but the gridiron brown,
Where pigskin warriors grapple;
The course once chalked in savory white
Has since turned gray thro' battle;
For when my lads charge the defense,
It's gain in ev'ry sortie,
They always aim to boost the score
Until it's ten and forty.

Then raise a lusty yell, my braves,
A shout of true elation;
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! a tiger bold,
You've cause for jubilation;
Not on account of conquests won,
In fair or murky weather,
But 'cause you have a football king
With crown of welted leather.

ATHLETICS

ABE MILLER, '07, EDITOR.

N. F. S., 6; TRENTON HIGH, 0.

In a hard fought game Farm School defeated Trenton by a score 6—0. The score would have been greater, but whenever Farm School would advance the ball near Trenton's goal, F. S. would fumble.

About a thousand spectators turned out to witness the game. Farm School won the toss and chose to defend the North goal. Trenton kicked to Farm School, Neustadt received the ball, and advanced it 15 yards. Farm School lined up. Rudley called out the big tackle Chodos who succeeded in taking the ball 10 yards. In the next play Farm School tried an end run, but the ball was fumbled, Trenton man fell on it. Farm School succeeded in holding. They were forced to kick. Farm School took a brace and long gains were made by Krinzman, Feinberg, and Chodos through the line. Feinberg took the ball over for the first touchdown.

Krinzman kicked goal.

Score: Farm School, 6; Trenton, 0.

Farm School kicked off to the Trenton 25-yard line. Silver caught the ball and carried it back 7 yards. Trenton could not gain, and were forced to kick when time was called.

In the second half Farm School kicked to Trenton. Welling caught the ball and advanced 10 yards. On the first play Silver was given the ball, and succeeded in gaining through the line for 6 yards. This somewhat aroused the spectators, and it was impossible to keep them off the field.

When Farm School received the ball we were unable to gain around the ends on account of the crowd on the field, so line plays were played.

During the second half Trenton had the ball most of the time, but they were unable to bring it anywhere near our goal. When the whistle blew for the end of the game, the ball was in possession of the Green and the Gold on Trenton 35-yard line.

CENTRAL MANUAL, 4; FARM SCHOOL, 0.

Farm School gave Central Manual Training School one of the hottest arguments the Red and Black has struck this season, on Tuesday, November 21, at the Columbia Ball Park. The Manuals won, but only by a field goal, kicked by Morris in the first half, from the 23-yard line. This was the only score of the game and was also accomplished through a fumble. At the kick-off Manual saw she was unable to gain through the line and was forced to kick, but the punt was fumbled and a Manual player fell on it. Manual saw her only chance to score and a drop-kick was resorted to which proved a success.

Every student of the Farm School went to Philadelphia to see the game, as this was our hardest game of the season. Farm School gained 180 yards on the offensive while Manual gained only 100. The game opened with Krinzman kicking the ball to Manual's 15-yard line. Morris got it and ran 15 yards with it. There he was tackled and fumbled the ball, but he recovered it. A. Wickham made first down on the next play. Pollock fumbled it and after a series of fumbles in which both teams participated, a Manual player fell on it for a gain. Adams on the next play gained 2 yards, but Farm School held them. In the next play Manual was forced to kick. Krinzman returned the kick to Manual. To get the ball near our goal Morris kicked to our 27-yard line, where the ball was fumbled and a Manual man fell on it. Gawthrop made 3 yards and Adams in two attempts made 4 yards, which brought the ball to our 20-yard line. Morris dropped back and kicked a pretty goal from the 23-yard line.

The second half opened with Manual kicking to Farm School. After making a few gains, Krinzman kicked and Morris again tried for a field goal but failed, with the ball on our 2-yard line.

Feinberg, Krinzman and Neustadt, Chodos, with the latter at the head of the tandem play, made 6 and 8 yards at the time, while Manual was unable to check our gains. Feinberg and Krinzman went through the line for 4 and 5 yards in this half quite a number of times. Condor also got around end for 20 and 30 yards. Farm School advanced the ball from the 2-yard line to Manual's 30-yard line. On the next play Farm School sent Chodos through for 4 yards. Then a trick was tried which ended in a fumble and a penalty of 15 yards was given to Farm School for holding in the play. We were forced to kick. Morris received the kick but was downed

before he could gain. Having one yard to gain on the third down, Manual could not make it and the ball went to Farm School. Here she simply outplayed Central Manual by making constant gains. They gradually advanced the ball to the 30-yard line when time was called.

Krinzman, Feinberg, Condor and Chodos made large gains for the Green and Gold, while Adams, Wickham and Gawthrop played good for Central Manual.

N. F. S.	POSITIONS.	C. M. T. S.
Condor	Left End	Callahan
Ostrolenk.....	Left Tackle	Wickham
Schansky	Left Guard	Pechin
Frank	Center	Dennis
Leon	Right Guard	Weidell
Chodos	Right Tackle	Pollock
Miller.....	Right End	Roff
Rudley	Quarterback	Morris
Feinberg	Left Halfback	Gawthrop
Neustadt.....	Right Halfback	Wickham
Krinzman	Fullback	Adams

N. F. S., 12; DREXEL, 0.

On November 25, National Farm School opened its home game by defeating Drexel Institute. Both teams were evenly matched and the contest was exciting, although Farm School goal was never threatened. Both teams played good and clean football. The game opened with Farm School kicking off to Drexel. Black received the ball and advanced it 5 yards. In the first play Drexel sent Remington through our line for a gain of 3 yards, and sent the halfback through our tackles for several small gains. Farm School braced up and Drexel was forced to kick. Feinberg received the ball and advanced it 8 yards. On the very first play to test their line Chodos was sent through their line and succeeded in gaining 20 yards. Then Krinzman and Feinberg made gains through the line until the ball was advanced to Drexel's 2-yard line, here Drexel braced up and held us for downs, immediately Drexel punted out of danger.

Chodos and the back field hammered the Drexel line until Feinberg took it over for the first touchdown. Krinzman kicked

goal. Drexel kicked off and on the first play Condor on a fake play went around end for 30 yards, a few line plays were tried but were held for downs, but Farm School got the ball on the first play on a fumble. Half ended with the ball on Drexel 35-yard line.

Score: N. F. S., 6; Drexel, 0.

No change was made in either line-up. Drexel kicked and Farm School by steady line bucking covered half the distance of the field, where Farm School was held, but after a few plays Drexel was forced to kick. In the first play Condor went around end for 20 yards. Krinzman went through tackle for 10 yards, Feinberg and Chodos carried the ball to Drexel's 6-yard line in two plays, where Chodos scored his first touchdown of the season in the next play. Krinzman kicked goal.

Drexel kicked to Krinzman who advanced the ball 10 yards, after a few line plays the half ended with the ball in Farm School's possession on Drexel's 35-yard line.

A Review of the Season

When the football season of 1905 was ushered in prospects for a winning team never looked brighter at Farm School before.

With eight men of last year's champion team still in the school, a husky lot of Freshmen to pick from, and Professor Halligan as coach, it was thought that we would still maintain our record of never being beaten. But fate was against us, and on October 23, Farm School, for the first time in its history, went down in defeat.

The team this year, although heavier and faster than last year's eleven, lacked the spirit and some of the dash that was characteristic of all our previous elevens.

Another fault that was very prominent—our team was not so very well hardened up. They were injured too soon in the play and very often had to leave the field. In previous years Farm School played with eleven men throughout the whole season and very seldom did they use a substitute. This year, however, on account of injuries sustained by some of our best players we were forced to use incompetent subs. That in a great measure accounted for our defeat by Delancey.

During the earlier part of the season Coach Halligan was unable to get time to harden up his team by strenuous practice on account of the farm work that interfered greatly with our practice. As a result of this obstacle it was pretty late in the season when all the players were in any way fit to play a game.

Many teams disappointed us early in the season. This also helped to discourage the team, and at one time they nearly disbanded on that account.

With an injured team, some of our best players laid up and also with some men who never played in the game before, we journeyed to Tioga to play the strong Delancey football team. The game was clean and interesting throughout, and the score at the end of the first half was 0—0. In the second half Farm School got the kick-off and did not rest until they had scored. With three more minutes to play Delancey ran off two touchdowns. The first touchdown was so unexpected that before we could get over our surprise the score was 12—0 in favor of Delancey, just as the whistle blew for the end of the game.

On October 27, we played the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary Department and easily beat them.

On November 11, with our whole team in good shape, we went to Trenton, with a determination to play as we never did before, and as a result we trimmed them in good style.

During mid-season and also in the latter part of the season, it was clearly seen that we had to overcome one fault if we want to play football, and which was a handicap in every game that we played, and that was our tendency to fumble. In every game a costly fumble occurred. The team was not so well accustomed to handle the ball this year. They never fell on it when they missed a catch, but they left it roll along for some other men to get it. Were it not for this fault Central Manual would have gone down in defeat.

After the Trenton High game the team practiced faithfully for the Central Manual game, the biggest one of the season. After ten days of good stiff practice, the team, accompanied by a band of loyal rooters, journeyed to Philadelphia, and on the Athletic Ball Park, gave Central Manual the hottest game of the season. In the first half a fumble by our team gave Central Manual an opportunity for a field goal and they took advantage of it. It was the only score of the game. During this half we played listless and uninteresting ball, but we held Manual when they got dangerous. In the second half it was clearly seen that our team was the better. With the so-called "Harvard tandem," which Coach Halligan diligently taught us, we ripped up their line time and time again and had the second half been more than fifteen minutes we would have beaten them.

Our next and last game with Drexel Institute was a comparatively easy game, and we wound up our season with a victory.

We played five games: won three and lost two. Taking everything in consideration we had a fairly successful season.

We cannot thank Coach Halligan too much for his services. He worked unceasingly for the team, and his advice and suggestions came at a time when they were most needed. Although he did not bring out a team that was so successful as his 1904 team, yet he brought out some individual stars that will be needed next season. He knows football perfectly, having been himself a star when in college, and he sacrificed his valuable time to impart what he knew to us. His work will never be forgotten. He is undoubtedly the best coach we have ever had, and his name will live long among the students. Now, boys, let's all give three "long ones" for Coach Halligan and his team. Rah! Rah! Rah!

L. C.

Captain's Report

I feel that it would be out of place for me as captain of the Farm School eleven to get up and tell you what a great success this football team has been, as that would only be "blowing my own horn," which I don't care to do. I will leave that to the students and outsiders to judge how much of a success or failure this year's team has been.

I wish to thank every member of the team for their hard and conscientious work in all of the games and in the practice. I feel that every player did his best in every game and that there was more harmony and less hard feeling among the players this year than ever before in the four years that I have been playing on the team.

I feel that I am expressing the opinion of the players and the student body at large, when I say that too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Halligan for his splendid work this season as coach. We should in every way show our appreciation to him.

I wish to thank the members of the second team for their good work, and I can honestly say that it was the best one that lined up against the regulars during my stay at the Farm School.

Last but not least, I wish to thank the students who failed to make the varsity and second team, for their loyal support and their splendid cheering.

I feel that I would not be doing justice to myself or to the students if I did not criticise a few things that should be remedied next year. I have noticed a spirit of criticism among the players after a game; one blaming the other for a bad play or a fumble. This should never be as it creates hard feeling and demoralizes the whole team. When a man fumbles or makes a bad play, the players should encourage him to do better and not criticise him for the bad play or fumble. I have also noticed the same spirit of criticism among the student body as a whole, and it should be eradicated.

After each year's season there always was more or less talk of the complete failure that the next football team will be. During my Freshman year when with the departing Senior Class five of the best football players left us, every one believed that it was the last of Farm School's gridiron work.

But strange to say after each season the following proved a greater success than the previous one and the football teams instead of getting worse got better each year.

Taking the Seniors from this year's squad it leaves us with twenty fellows well versed and drilled in the tactics of the game. That material is fast developing was plainly shown in the Sophomore and Freshman game this year.

All this shows that players will be found in the future as well as they were found in the past and with this year's some varsity as a nucleus, the next year's team ought to be the best so far seen on the Farm School gridiron.

P. KRINZMAN,
Captain

Says Green '07 to Brown '07:
You're looking awfully blue;
Says Brown '07 to Green '07:
I'll be darned if I'm as green as you.

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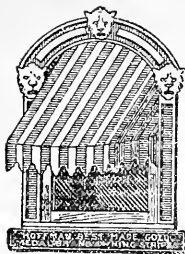
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